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Peter Newell

“He bowed in a manner most polished,  
Thus soothing her impulses wild;”

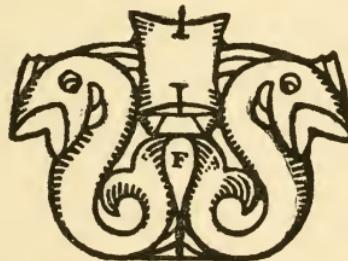
# NAVTICAL LAYS OF A LANDSMAN

by

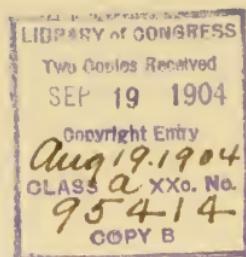
**WALLACE IRWIN**

*author of "THE LOVE SONNETS OF  
A HOODLUM," "THE RUBAIYAT OF  
OMAR KHAYYAM, JUNIOR," . . .*

**WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY  
PETER NEWELL**



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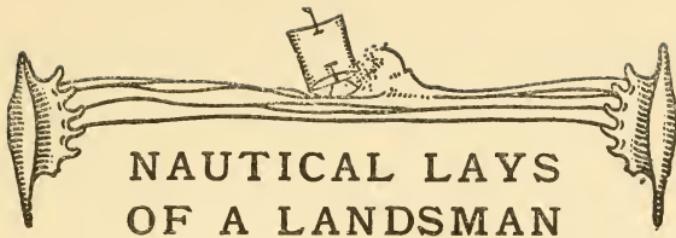
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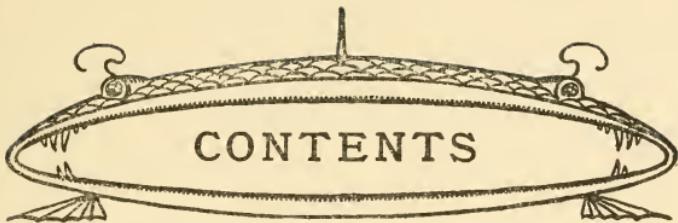
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NAUTICAL LAYS  
OF A LANDSMAN





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“ He bowed in a manner most polished,  
Thus soothing her impulses wild;”

FRONTISPICE

“ We bumped right into the Arctic,  
Me and me matey, John.”

FACING PAGE 3

“ “ The first step’s a slow step, but now here  
comes a daisy one,’  
He hollered; and what follered showed the  
words he spoke was true.”

FACING PAGE 39

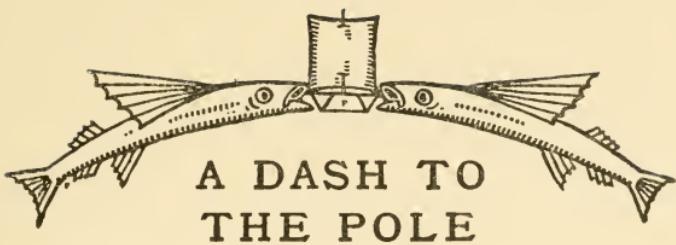
“ When down in the slime, without ary word o’  
warnin’,  
The Gudge I seen in the seaweed green a-  
winkin’ his indolent eye.”

FACING PAGE 67

“ “ What is the scent from yon vessel blown?” ”

FACING PAGE 87





A DASH TO  
THE POLE





"We bumped right into the Arctic,  
Me and me matey, John."





## A DASH TO THE POLE



'Twas out on the Archipelago  
In the region of the Horn,  
Somewhere in the locks of the Equinox  
And the Tropic of Capricorn.

We bumped right into the Arctic,  
Me and me matey, John.

We was near to frizz by the slush and the slizz,  
For we hadn't our flannels on.

Who'd 'a' thought that a tried explorer  
Would start for the Pole like that,  
With openwork hose and summer clo'es  
And a dinky old Panama hat?





We could see the Eskimoses,  
Far out on the ice ashore,  
A-turnin' up of their noses  
At the comical clo'es we wore.

We could hear the bears on the glaciers  
A-laughing kind of amused,  
And there we stud in our seashore duds  
A-looking that shamed and confused!

The whirl-i-gig Arctic breezes  
They biffled our bark abaft,  
And the ice-pack shook with our sneezes,  
(For there was a terrible draft).

“Friend John,” I yells to me matey,  
“Stand ready and warp the boat!”  
But I suddenly found that John was drowned,  
And me alone and afloat.



W OF A LANDSMAN G

I was chilled to the heart with terror  
At the loss of me matey, John,  
I was chilled to the feet, for I beg to repeat,  
That I hadn't me flannels on.

When all of a dog-goned sudden  
A peak riz over the sun.  
I swear on me soul 'twas the Arctic Pole—  
Then what d'ye think I done?

Then what d'ye think I done, sir,  
When that pinnacle swung in view?  
I done what a wight in a similar plight  
With a similar Pole would do.

I swung the hand of the compass  
Till straight to the South points she,  
And soon I divined that the Pole was behind  
And me in the open sea.



I landed next week at Coney  
Where I hitched me bark to a post,  
Then I fell in a faint from pneumony  
Which I caught on the Arctic coast —

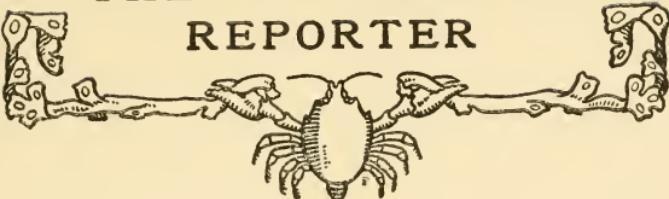
Out there on the Archipelago,  
In the region of the Horn,  
Somewhere in the locks of the Equinox  
And the Tropic of Capricorn.

And that is why in summer,  
When it's most undeniably warm,  
I dresses in felt and pelican pelt,  
Which is suitable clo'es for storm.

And it's highly correct and proper  
To start for the Pole like that;  
But I nevermore goes in me openwork hose  
And me dinky old Panama hat.



THE TAR AND THE  
REPORTER







## THE TAR AND THE REPORTER

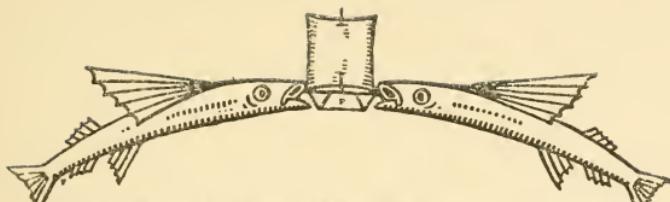


“ O sailor coming from a cruise,  
I represent the Daily News —  
What tidings do you bring?”  
“ Oh nothing that the likes of youse  
Would think was anything.

“ Our ship was shattered in the squalls,  
Our crew was et by cannibals,  
Our passengers was drowned,  
Our Capting sank with piteous calls  
And nevermore was found.  
“ Three months I lived upon a bun  
And thus survived, the only one —  
But otherwise we made  
A commonplace, eventless run  
From Tyre to Adelaide.”







THE RHYME OF THE  
CHIVALROUS SHARK





## THE RHYME OF THE CHIVALROUS SHARK



Most chivalrous fish of the ocean,  
To ladies forbearing and mild,  
Though his record be dark, is the man-eating shark  
Who will eat neither woman nor child.

He dines upon seamen and skippers,  
And tourists his hunger assuage,  
And a fresh cabin boy will inspire him with joy  
If he's past the maturity age.

A doctor, a lawyer, a preacher,  
He'll gobble one any fine day,  
But the ladies, God bless 'em, he'll only address 'em  
Politely and go on his way.





I can readily cite you an instance  
Where a lovely young lady of Breem,  
Who was tender and sweet and delicious to eat,  
Fell into the bay with a scream.

She struggled and flounced in the water  
And signaled in vain for her bark,  
And she'd surely been drowned if she hadn't been  
found  
By a chivalrous man-eating shark.

He bowed in a manner most polished,  
Thus soothing her impulses wild;  
“Don’t be frightened,” he said, “I’ve been properly  
bred  
And will eat neither woman nor child.”





Then he proffered his fin and she took it —  
Such a gallantry none can dispute —  
While the passengers cheered as the vessel they  
neared  
And a broadside was fired in salute.

And they soon stood alongside the vessel,  
When a life-saving dingey was lowered  
With the pick of the crew, and her relatives, too,  
And the mate and the skipper aboard.

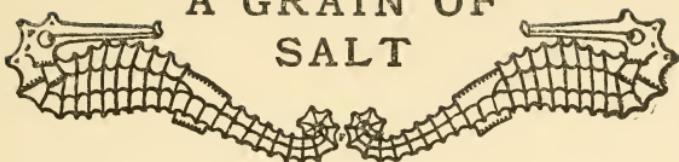
So they took her aboard in a jiffy,  
And the shark stood attention the while,  
Then he raised on his flipper and ate up the skipper  
And went on his way with a smile.

And this shows that the prince of the ocean,  
To ladies forebearing and mild,  
Though his record be dark, is the man-eating shark  
Who will eat neither woman nor child.





A GRAIN OF  
SALT







## A GRAIN OF SALT

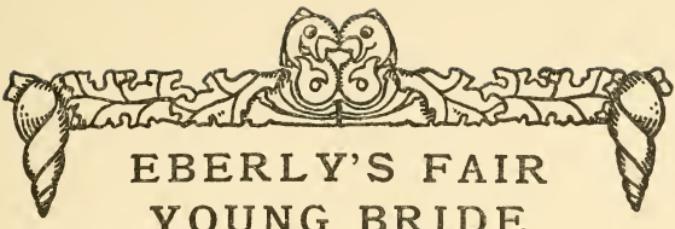


Of all the wimming doubly blest  
The sailor's wife's the happiest,  
For all she does is stay to home  
And knit and darn and let 'im roam.

Of all the husbands on the earth  
The sailor has the finest berth;  
For in 'is cabin he can sit  
And sail and sail — and let 'er knit.







EBERLY'S FAIR  
YOUNG BRIDE





## EBERLY'S FAIR YOUNG BRIDE



Oh the Sauntering Sue fell into the squalls  
A-blowing from Portsmouth town.

She was laden with pork and cannon balls,  
So it's natteral she went down.

And the sea it riz with a terrible sizz  
While the Sue on the rocks she scraped;  
And of all the crew that her anchor drew  
Not more than a thousand escaped.

And when the sailors had waded to shore  
And their feet on the hearthstone dried,  
They hated to think of Eberly Moore  
And Eberly's fair young bride.





With the Sauntering Sue on the ocean floor  
And them cannon balls rolling inside,  
They hated to think of Eberly Moore,  
And Eberly's fair young bride.

So they talked in whispers of euchre games,  
Of ladies and Eskimo,  
Of vulgar fractions and proper names,  
And the works of Byron and Poe.

And some of 'em shuddered and looked at the door  
With a sort of a nervous pride;  
But they never referred to Eberly Moore  
Or Eberly's fair young bride.

• • • • •

In a neat little Kansas grocery store,  
Far leagues from the turbulent tide,  
Sat the thoughtful grocer, Eberly Moore,  
Along of his fair young bride.



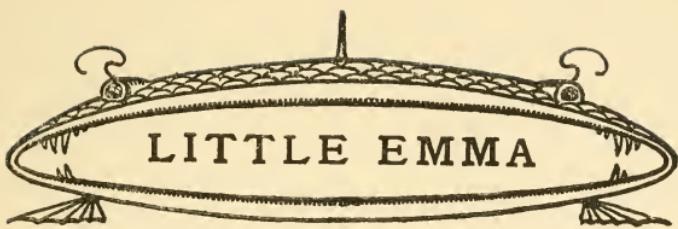


And Eberly says to his bride, says he,  
“ It’s strange but undoubtedly so  
That we’ve never yet gone on the bounding sea,  
And we never intend to go.”

And far away on the wreck-strewn shore  
Where the crew of the Sue reside,  
They never refer to Eberly Moore  
Or Eberly’s fair young bride.







LITTLE EMMA





## LITTLE EMMA



Sailor, sitting by the sea,  
Nigh the painted rocks of Darrel,  
Why dost weep so mournfully  
On a vacant sugar barrel?

“ Think me not,” the sailor said,  
“ Merely hypochondriac, oh —  
Hast thou, stranger, any shred,  
Just a bite, of plug tobacco? ”

Though he took the plug and ate,  
Undiminished his dilemma.  
Scarce he could articulate,  
“ She is gone, my Little Emma! ”





“ Little Emma,” cried I; “ Who  
Was she? Kitten, dog — or maiden,  
Left by you, as sailors do,  
In some inconvenient Aiden?

“ Little Emma! dainty name,  
Quite suggestive of a tale, sir ”—  
Quoth the tar, “ It were the same.  
Little Emma was a whale, sir.

“ Kindly sir, forgive my wail,  
These unmanly tear-drops — blow it!—  
If you’ve gone and lost a whale  
Ain’t that loss enough to know it?

“ Emma was so light of touch,  
Emma was so deft and smiling,  
Emma was so true — so much —  
So expansively beguiling!





“ If she’d only asked me I  
Would have stroked her little chinny;  
If she’d only let me try  
I’d have held her finny-finny.

“ Should you look for Emma, you  
Might discern her by her color,  
By her cheeks, which wear the hue  
Of an ironclad — only duller.

“ When my Emma nigh you goes  
Mention me to her as many  
Times as all her flips have toes.  
(Don’t be scared — they haven’t any.)”

“ Sailor,” in amaze spake I  
“ Since at sea so much you’ve seen, sir ”—  
Quoth the sailor with a sigh,  
“ Not at sea — I’ve never been, sir.”

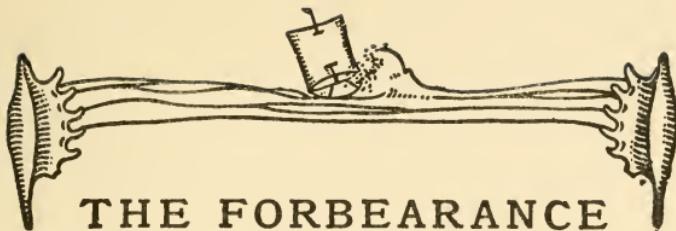




“ But the Little Emma whale,  
Since unceasing you regret her ”—  
Quoth the sailor, turning pale,  
“ Think of it — I never met her ! ”

So I left him to his grief,  
Nigh the painted rocks of Darrel,  
Wringing out his handkerchief  
In the vacant sugar barrel.





## THE FORBEARANCE OF THE ADMIRAL





## THE FORBEARANCE OF THE ADMIRAL

I ain't afeard o' the Admiral,  
Though a common old tar I be,  
And I've oftentimes spoke to the Admiral  
Expressin' a bright idee;  
For he's very nice at takin' advice  
And a tractable man is he.

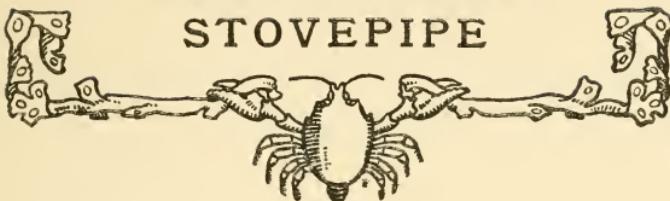
For once I says to the Admiral,  
Unterrified, though polite,  
"Don't think me critical, Admiral,  
But yer vessel ain't sailin' right;  
For our engine should be burnin' wood  
And our rattlelines should be tight."

But when I spoke to the Admiral  
He wasn't inclined to scold,  
Though me words, addressed to the Admiral,  
Was intimate-like and bold,  
(But he was up on deck at the time  
And I was down in the hold).

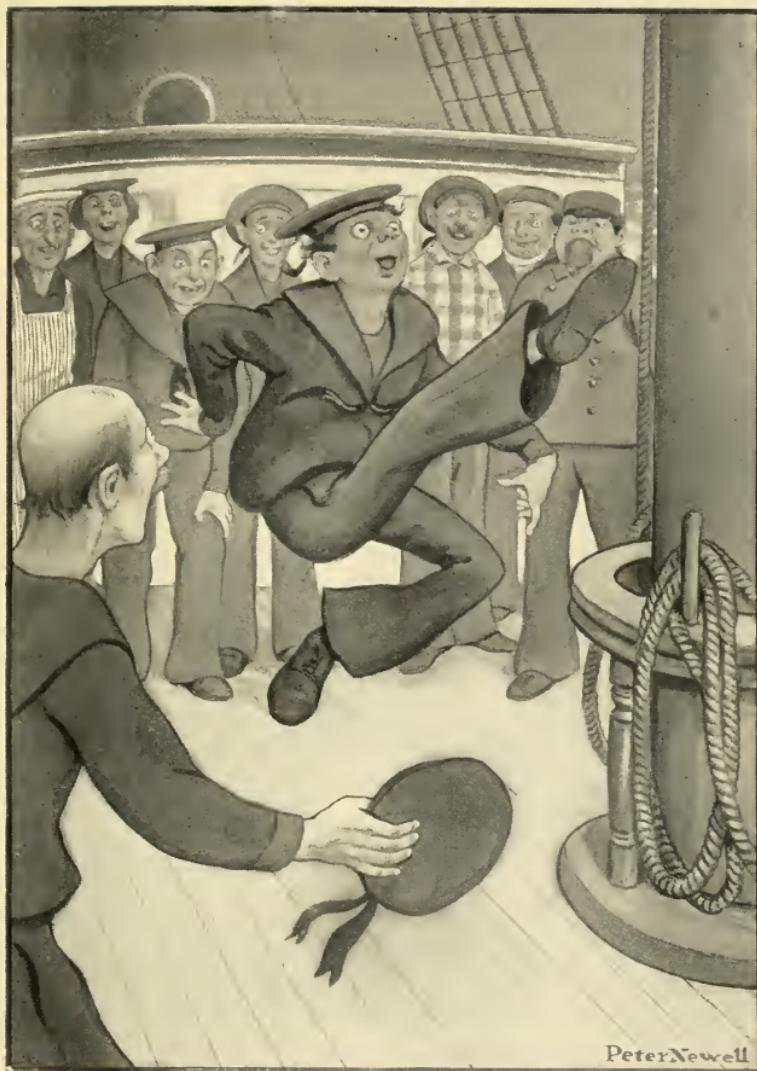




THE SAILOR'S  
STOVEPIPE

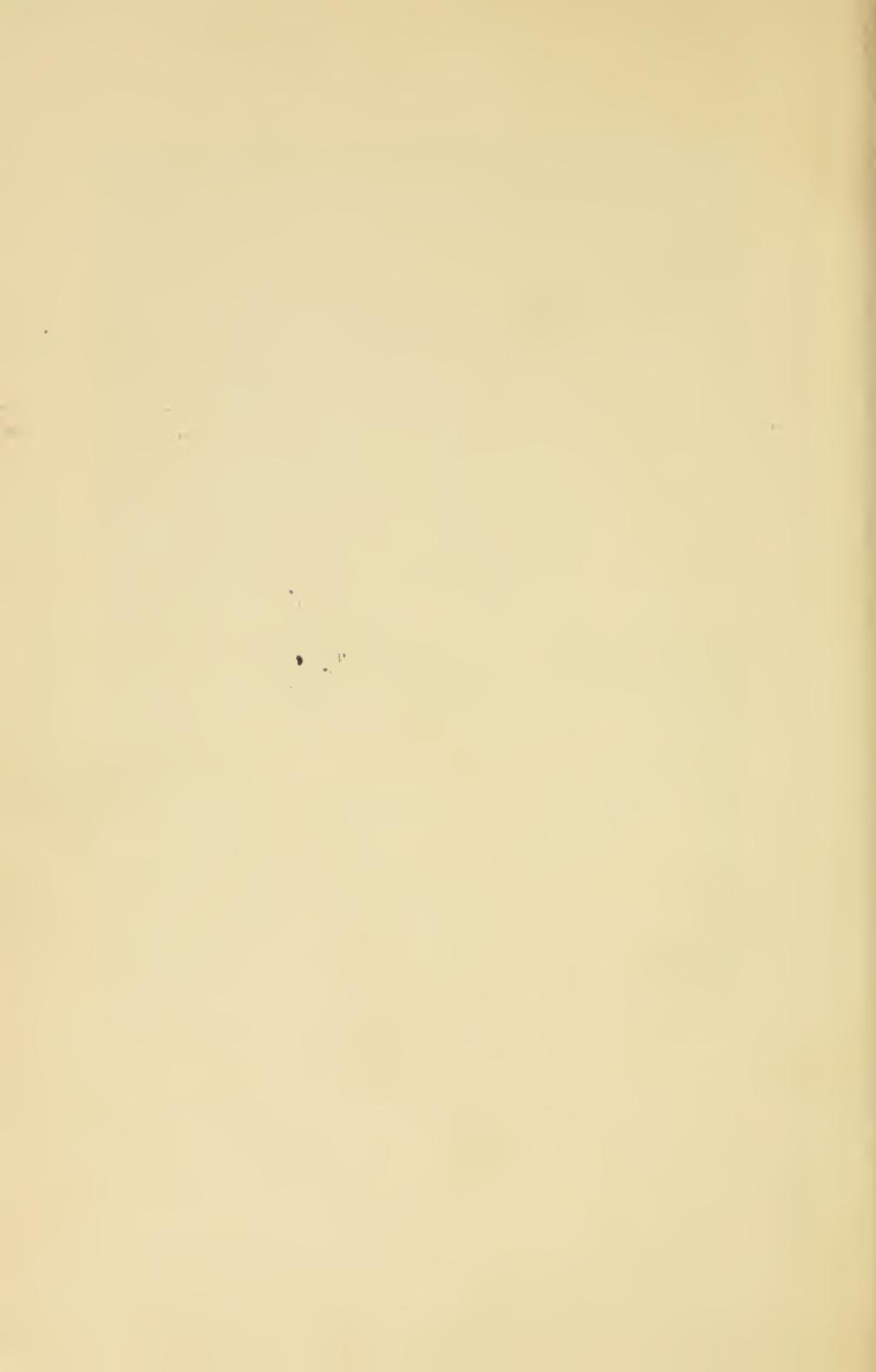






Peter Newell

“‘The first step’s a slow step, but now here comes a daisy one,’ he hollered ; and what follered showed the words he spoke was true.”





## THE SAILOR'S STOVEPIPE



The crew of us, a few of us, was up on deck a-  
dancin' of

Two steps and new steps with light fantastic toe,  
When Closon, the bos'n, says, "What's the use of  
prancin' of

Glide steps and side steps what anyone can go?

"Hornpipes and cornpipes and gaspipes is fun  
enough,

Hoe-downs and shake-downs is easy dancin' too,  
Minuets and mignonettes and barbettes I've done  
enough,

But the reel old sailor's stovepipe is more difficult  
to do."





Then bowing once and bowing twice the bos'n  
shook his limber toes,  
Then do-see-do and do-see-don't and count one  
two,  
Then fore and aft he shook our craft beneath his  
tatting timber toes—  
“It's the reel old sailor's stovepipe I'm a-going  
for to do.”

He closed his eyes, he slapped his thighs, he turned  
a double summer-sault,  
He corn-hoed and pigeon-toed in every sort of  
way,  
He keel-hauled and reel-hauled—I never seen a  
rummer salt—  
And all the time a-whistlin' “The Road to Man-  
delay.”





“ The first step’s a slow step, but now here comes a  
daisy one,”

He hollered: and what follererd showed the words  
he spoke was true,

For he hopped past the mizzen mast and hoofed it  
like a crazy one

Till both his eyes was saucer size and both his  
cheeks was blue.

He jigged and jounced till up he bounced yards  
high above the gunnel-tops,

A-swingin’ like a circus tike from dory yards to  
stays,

Then jiggin’ through the riggin’ too he slid along  
the funnel tops

And doffed his hat and skun the cat in forty-  
seven ways.





“ O stop before ye drop before our eyes ! ” the sailors  
cautioned him

And blew the danger whistle twice and rung the  
engine bell.

“ No cause for dread , ” the Capting said, “ he’s doing  
what’s been portioned him

And that’s the sailor’s stovepipe, which he’s dan-  
cin’ very well.”

Then clingin’ high and swingin’ high, the bos’n, like  
a catter-pult,

Free and fair shot through the air toward the  
waters green,

Prancin’ still and dancin’ still he hit the ocean  
splatter-pult,

Skipped and tripped and double flipped and van-  
ished from the scene.





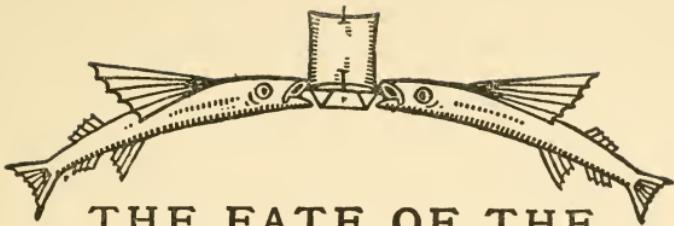
## OF A LANDSMAN



“ Dish him out and fish him out,” the Capting said,  
“ He’s done enough  
Shake-downs and hoe-downs to satisfy the crew,  
Hornpipes and cornpipes, he’s proved to us, is fun  
enough,  
But the reel old sailor’s stovepipe is more danger-  
ous to do.”







THE FATE OF THE  
CABBAGE ROSE





## THE FATE OF THE CABBAGE ROSE



They was twenty men on the Cabbage Rose  
As she sailed from the Marmaduke Piers,  
For I counted ten on me fingers and toes  
And ten on me wrists and ears.

As gallant skippers as ever skipped,  
Or sailors as ever sailed,  
As valiant trippers as ever tripped,  
Or tailors as ever tailed.

What has became of the Cabbage Rose  
That steered for the oping sea,  
And what has became of them and those  
That went for a trip in she?





Oh, a maiden she stood on the brown wharf's end  
A-watching the distant sail,  
And she says with a sigh to her elderly friend,  
"I'm trimming my hat with a veil."

A roundsman says to a little Jack tar,  
"I oftentimes wonder if we—"  
And the Jackey replied as he bit his cigar,  
"Aye, aye, me hearty," says he.

And a beggar was setting on Marmaduke Piers  
Collecting of nickels and dimes,  
And a large stout party on Marmaduke Piers  
Was a-reading the Morning Times.

Little they thought of the Cabbage Rose  
And the whirl-i-cane gusts a-wait,  
With the polly-wows to muzzle her bows  
And bear her down to her fate.





But the milliner's lad by the outer rim  
He says to hisself, "No hope!"  
And the little brown dog as belonged to him  
Sat chewing a yard o' rope.

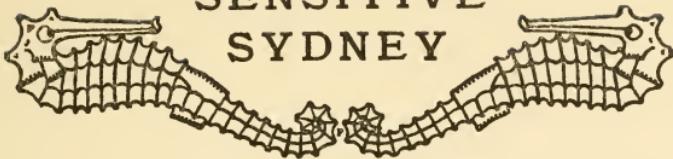
And a pale old fisherman beat his breast  
As he gazed far out on the blue,  
For the nor'east wind it was blowing west—  
Which it hadn't no right to do.

But what has became of the Cabbage Rose  
And her capting, Ezra Flower?  
Dumd if I cares and dumd if I knows—  
She's only been gone an hour.

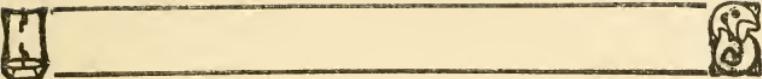




SENSITIVE  
SYDNEY







## SENSITIVE SYDNEY



'Twas all along the Binder Line  
A-sailin' of the sea  
That I fell out with Sydney Bryne  
And Sid fell out with me.

He spoke o' me as "pie-faced squid"  
In a laughin' sort o' way,  
And I, in turn, had spoke o' Sid  
As a "bow-legg'd bunch o' hay."

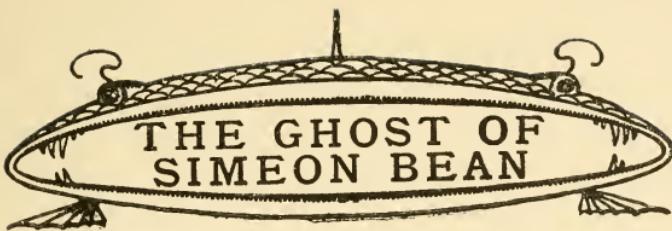
He'd mentioned my dishonest phiz  
And called me "blattin' calf"—  
We both enjoyed this joke o' his  
And had a hearty laugh.



But when I up and says to him,  
"Yer necktie ain't on straight,"  
"I didn't think ye'd say that, Jim,"  
He hissed with looks o' hate.

And then he lit a fresh segar  
And turned away and swore —  
So I knowed I'd brought the joke too far  
And we wasn't friends no more.





THE GHOST OF  
SIMEON BEAN





## THE GHOST OF SIMEON BEAN



I was all alone on the tarboard watch  
A-busying of meself  
A-driving nails and dusting the sails  
And laying 'em up on a shelf.

I was that engaged in me ardyous work  
It was minutes before I seen,  
A-lighting a match on the rooster hatch,  
The ghost of Simeon Bean.

When I seen who it was I says to meself,  
“ Oh scuttle me shoes, what a bore! ”  
For I knowed by his walk he was going to talk  
As he done in his life before.





So I says to the ghost of Simeon Bean,  
“Ye’re as welcome as you can be,  
But I’m busy to-night a-putting things right,  
And I can’t converse with ye.”

“I can tell ye a tale,” says Simeon Bean,  
“As would slither your marrer cold.”  
“Ye can,” says I, concealing a sigh,  
For I’d heard all his yarns of old.

“I’ve went and seen,” says Simeon Bean,  
In a solemn, mysterious way,  
So I answers polite as a shipmate might,  
“Why Simeon, you don’t say!”

“I have been and went,” says Simeon Bean,  
With the wheeze that I knowed so well.  
And I says as I tries a look of surprise,  
“You reely don’t mean to tell!”





“ If you’d saw what I done,” says Simeon Bean,  
Which same he had said before,—  
But I gave not a darn for his musty old yarn,  
And I wouldn’t endure no more.

So I says to the ghost of Simeon Bean,  
“ Git back to your watery bier!  
For I know dumd well that the tales you tell  
Is the wust that I ever did hear.

“ And it’s right that the dead ‘uns should tell no  
tales,  
And the rule it applies to you.  
You’d talk all night if I stayed polite,  
But that I refuses to do.”

Then Simeon, throwing a ghostly stare  
That gimbled me heart clean through,  
Says, “ Where is the dime that ye borrowed one  
time  
And the knife that I lent to you? ”





## NAUTICAL LAYS



I was founded dumb and paralyzed numb  
By the terrible words he said,  
Till I seen him glide right over the side  
Down into the oyster bed.

And I says to the Mate, "That Simeon Bean  
Was the longedest windedest fool  
That ever croke an alamanac joke  
Or talked the leg off a stool.

" And if ever I sees the sperrit of Bean  
A-walking around the mast,  
I'll let him walk, but I'll smother his talk."  
" Aye, aye," says the Mate, " avast!"





THE CONSTANT  
CANNIBAL MAIDEN





## THE CONSTANT CANNIBAL MAIDEN



Far oh far is the Mango island,  
Far oh far is the tropical sea —  
Palms aslant and the hills a-smile, and  
A Cannibal maiden a-waitin' for me.

I've been deceived by a damsel Spanish  
And Indian maidens both red and brown,  
A black-eyed Turk and a blue-eyed Danish  
And a Puritan lassie of Salem town.

For the Puritan Prue she sets in the offing  
A-castin' 'er eyes at a tall Marine,  
And the Spanish minx is the wust at scoffing  
Of all of the wimming I ever seen.





But the cannibal maid is a simple creetur  
With a habit of gazin' over the sea,  
A-hopin' in vain for the day I'll meet 'er  
And constant and faithful a-yearnin' for me.

Me Turkish sweetheart she played me double—  
Eloped with the Sultan Harum In-Deed,  
And the Danish damsel she made me trouble  
When she ups and married an oblong Swede.

But there's truth in the heart of the maid of Mango,  
Though her cheeks is black like the kiln-baked  
cork,  
As she sets in the shade of the whingo-whango  
A-waitin' for me — with a knife and fork.



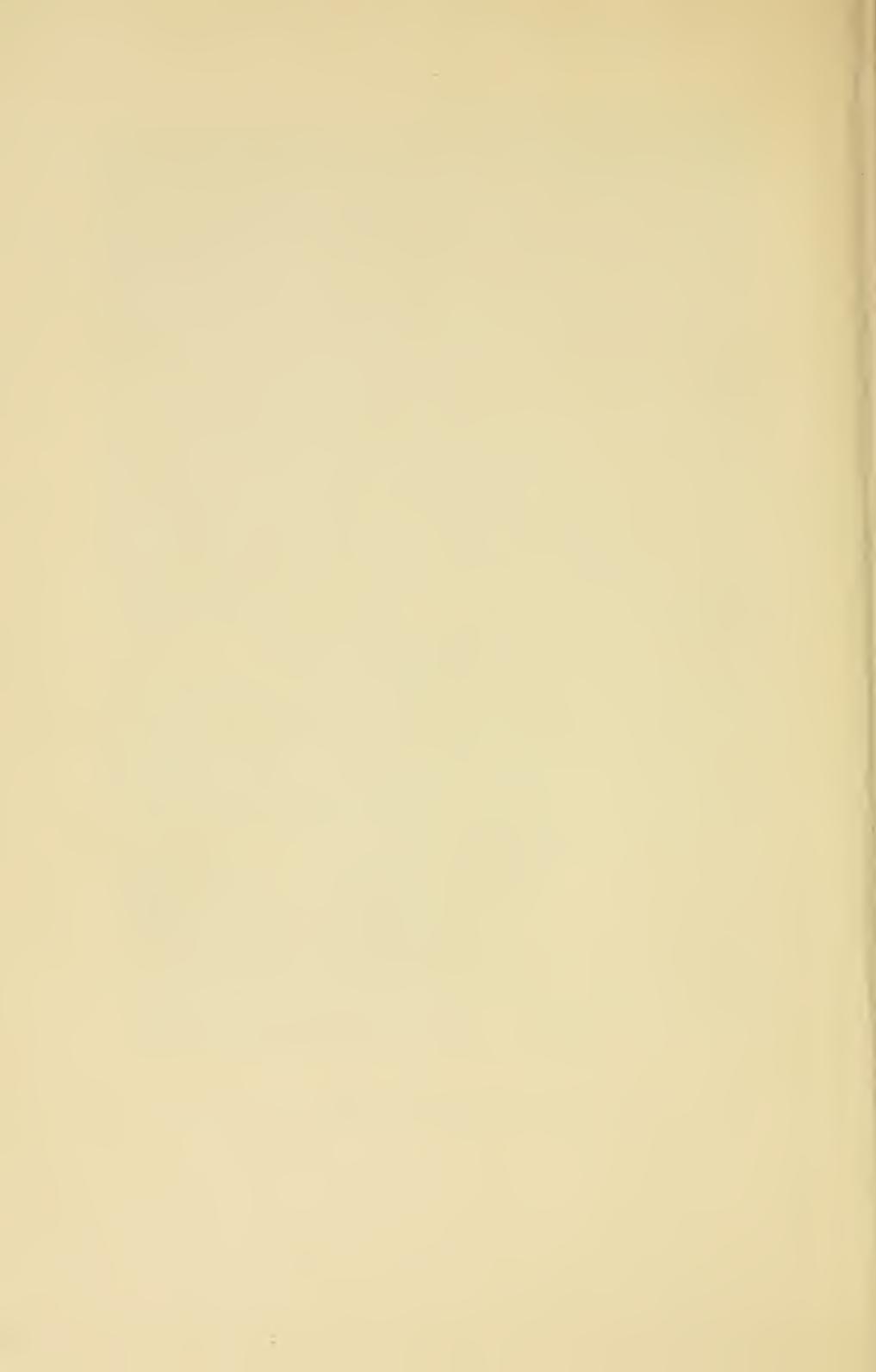


THE DEEP  
SEA GUDGE





“When down in the slime, without ary word o’ warnin’,  
The Gudge I seen in the seaweed green a-winkin’  
his indolent eye.”





## THE DEEP SEA GUDGE



The deep sea Gudge what lives on the sandy bot-  
tom,

(Is the fish o' the sea afeard o' we or us'ns afeard  
o' they?)

Feelers and gills and hookers and claws he's got  
'em

Trailin' behind and j'nted and j'ined in an orful,  
onnatteral way.

You fish for herring with sinkers and hooks and  
yankers,

You fish for trout with a silk line stout and a  
little moskeeter fly,





But the deep sea Gudge he nibbles at chains and anchors

And gobbles at rafts and lumber crafts and battleships hurryin' by.

We lay one noon in the lea o' the dry Melessas,  
And we pulled right main at our anchor chain,  
but found she refused to budge,

Then we shuddered and winked and whispered together, "Bless us!"

Our anchor's cast and she's held tight fast in the teeth o' the deep sea Gudge!"

It was me that dove in the slith o' the sea next mornin'

To see if the Gudge was willin' to budge for a sailor that's slick and sly,

When down in the slime, without ary word o' warnin',

The Gudge I seen in the seaweed green a-wunkin' his indolent eye.





And the anchor he held like a quid in his teeth and  
chawed it—

I couldn't but look, though I shuddered and  
shook at the terrible sight I see—

For the barb was caught in the roof of his mouth  
and clawed it

While the Gudge cried, "Help!" with a dolorous  
yelp that frizzled the blood o' me.

"O Gudge," says I, "It's the anchor of ourn you're  
eatin' —"

"Gwan away if ye've nothin' to say," says the  
Gudge in a glummerin' grouch,

"For I've swallered the prong and me pain is be-  
yond repeatin',"

Then he fibbered and flobbed and hollered and  
sobbed with a piscatorial "Ouch!"





“ Full orften I’ve swallered a Chinee junk and a dory,  
And I’ve made a snack of a fishin’ smack, that bein’ a tender treat,  
But me jaws grow weak as me head grows old and hoary  
And I never can rest when I can’t digest the copper and steel I eat.

“ O wurra-wur-oo! I’m tellin’ to you me troubles  
That you may judge of the pain o’ the Gudge  
whose stummick is full o’ ships,”  
Then he blubbered again till the sea was a-brim  
with bubbles  
And twisted his face to a glum grimace and  
wrinkled his writhy lips.





“Don’t take on so,” I says, “and I’ll try to ease you.”

So I signaled above till a line was hove with a crowbar tied thereto,

Then I says to the Gudge, “Here’s a trick o’ me own to please you.

Now look straight south and open yer mouth and I’ll see what a man can do.”

Then I druv the bar in the crease of his shining tushes

And twisted and tugged and jiggered and lugged with a mighty, tremenjus pry,

But the Gudge winced not at me wrenches and pulls and pushes,

Till there riz a tear like a gallon o’ beer to his indolent, rollin’ eye.





“Oh, stop!” says he, “it’s the sensitive Gudge  
you’re killin’—

It’s kind you are, but drop the bar, for yer  
efforts they ain’t no use.”

But I yanked once more with a yank that was more  
than willin’.

And I tugged again with me might and main till  
the anchor and chain came loose.

Then he gawped at me with a look o’ surprise and  
puzzle,

(Is the fish o’ the sea afeard o’ we or us’ns afeard  
o’ they?)

And seein’ the anchor hangin’ close to his muzzle  
He gave a gulp and swallered it up in a solemn  
and obstinate way.



“ Oh murder! ” he cried as again it stuck in his  
gullet,

“ O pull it free, it’s a-hurtin’ of me — O slither  
me deaf and dumb! ”

“ You’ve druvn the cork,” says I, “ and you’ll have  
to pull it —

And I’ll take no fudge from a deep sea Gudge,”  
so back to the ship I swum.

And the deep sea Gudge what lives on the floor o’  
the ocean

He chaws in vain at our anchor chain which  
neither will break nor budge,

And our bark rides high with never a move nor  
motion

While we cusses the day we was fastened to stay  
by the whim o’ the deep sea Gudge.









## REMINISCENCE



When many years we'd been apart  
I met Sad Jim ashore  
And set to talkin' heart to heart  
About the days of yore.

“ Do you recall them happy days? ”  
“ I don't, ” says Jim, “ do you? ”  
I speaks up hearty and I says,  
“ Be jiggered if I do! ”

“ Then why are you recallin' of  
The joyful days gone by,  
The songs and girls we ust to love? ”  
“ What songs and girls? ” says I.





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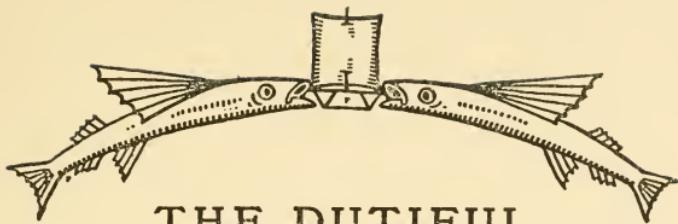
NAUTICAL LAYS

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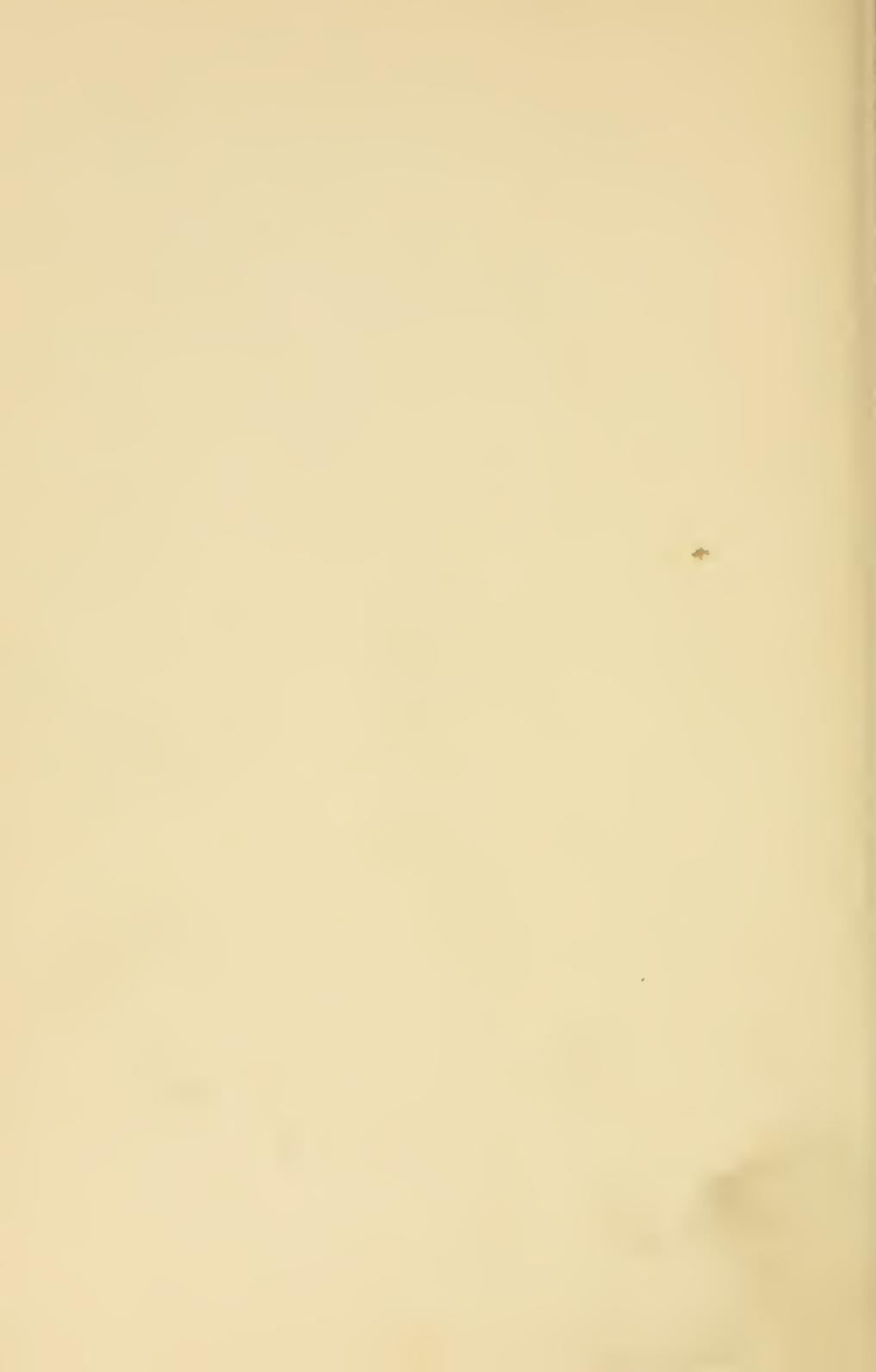


“I guess I have fergot,” says Jim  
And started N N E.  
It seems I had the best o’ him  
And him the best o’ me.





THE DUTIFUL  
MARINER





## THE DUTIFUL MARINER



'Twas off the Eastern Filigrees—  
Wizzle the pipes o'ertop!—  
When the gallant Captain of the Cheese  
Began to skip and hop.

“ Oh stately man and old beside,  
Why dost gymnastics do?  
Is such example dignified  
To set before your crew?”

“ Oh hang me crew,” the Captain cried,  
“ And scuttle of me ship.  
If I’m the skipper, blarst me hide!  
Ain’t I supposed to skip?





“ I’m growing old,” the Captain said;  
“ Me dancing days are done;  
But while I’m skipper of this ship  
I’ll skip with any one.

“ I’m growing grey,” I heard him say,  
“ And I cannot rest or sleep  
While under me the troubled sea  
Lies forty spasms deep.

“ Lies forty spasms deep,” he said;  
“ But still me trusty sloop  
Each hour, I wot, goes many a knot  
And many a bow and loop.

“ The hours are full of knots,” he said,  
“ Untie them if ye can.  
In vain I’ve tried, for Time and Tied  
Wait not for any man.



“ Me fate is hard,” the old man sobbed,

“ And I am sick and sore.

Me aged limbs of rest are robbed

And skipping is a bore.

“ But Duty is the seaman’s boast,

And on this gallant ship

You’ll find the skipper at his post

As long as he can skip.”

And so the Captain of the *Cheese*

Skipped on again as one

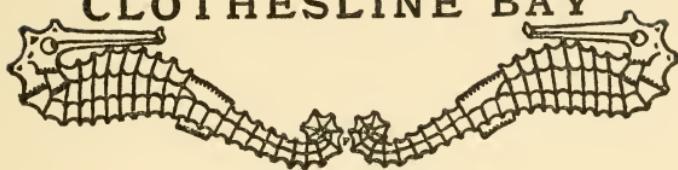
Who lofty satisfaction sees

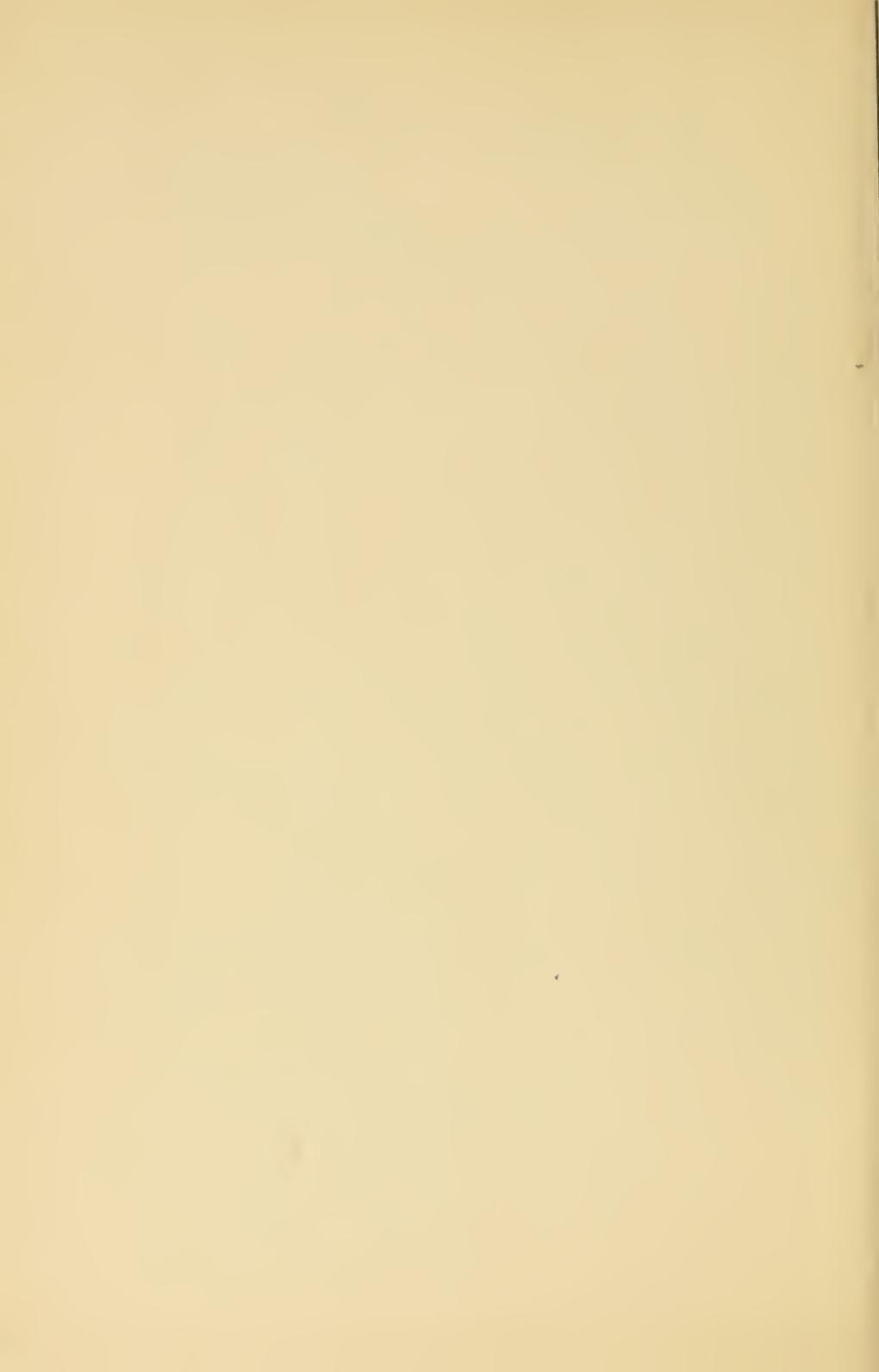
In duty bravely done.





# THE BATTLE OF CLOTHESLINE BAY







“What is the scent from yon vessel blown?”





## THE BATTLE OF CLOTHESLINE BAY



The neatest officer on the coast —  
Hang your sails to the whiffletree slat! —  
Was the famous Admiral Buttertoast  
Who sailed the historical Derby Hat.  
Flutter the ensign, whittle the screw  
For the neat old Admiral and his crew!

His sailormen were the tidiest tars  
That sought renown 'neath the billowing flags  
As they stood in place on the decks and spars  
With carpet sweepers and dusting rags.  
And Monday mornings the sails they'd reef  
And iron 'em out like a handkerchief.





“ Men,” said the Admiral, “ I abhor  
To litter my boat with the shot and shell,  
And it’s very untidy to go to war  
And scent my sails with the powder smell;  
So load the cannon with scouring soap  
And sachet powder of heliotrope.”

About this period on the main  
Sailed the slatternly pirate, Grimy Dan,  
Whose slipshod methods were terribly plain  
In the state of his vessel, the Frying Pan,  
Where the decks were littered with bottles and  
crumbs  
And the masts were smeared by his gory thumbs.

So the grim marauders of Grimy Dan  
Sailed the greasy Frying Pan into the bay  
Where the Derby Hat all spick and span  
A-drying her clothes in the offing lay.  
“ Ho!” cried the Pirate, and likewise, “ Hum!  
Edam Schnapps and Jamaica Rum!—





“ By me bloody yards and me slippery plank,  
What is the scent from yon vessel blown? ”

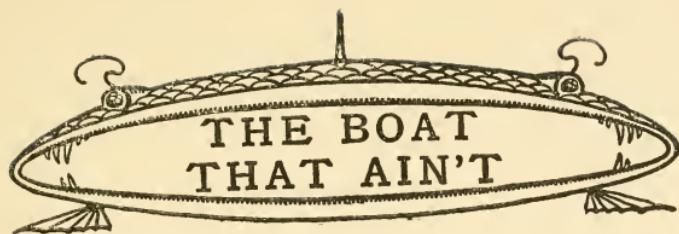
“ That,” quoth the bos’n, Terrible Hank,  
“ Is washing powder and eau de Cologne.”  
“ Heave-ho, mateys,” said Dan, “ and away!  
I risk no battles on washing day.”

“ Friends,” said the Admiral, “ I confess  
I’m glad to be rid of the rude galoots.  
They might have caused a terrible mess  
By tracking our decks with their muddy boots.  
Dear me suds! what a shock it would be  
To a shipshape, housekeeping man like me! ”

So the Frying Pan with her tattered crew  
Like a dingy spectre slunk from the scene  
And the Admiral neat, when the foe withdrew,  
Sent a wireless telegram to his Queen,  
“ I beg to report, if your Majesty please,  
I have lathered the Pirates and scoured the seas.”







THE BOAT  
THAT AIN'T





## THE BOAT THAT AIN'T

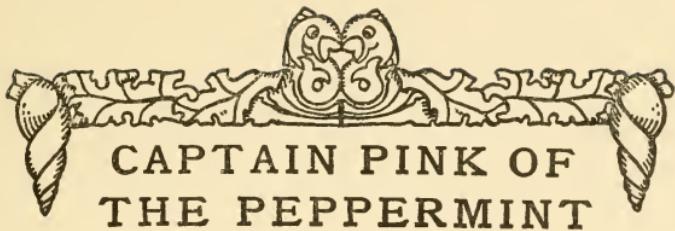


A stout, fat boat for gailin'  
And a long, slim boat for squall;  
But there isn't no fun in sailin'  
When you haven't no boat at all.

For what is the use o' calkin'  
A tub with a mustard pot—  
And what is the use o' talkin'  
Of a boat that you haven't got?







CAPTAIN PINK OF  
THE PEPPERMINT





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## CAPTAIN PINK OF THE PEPPERMINT



Old Capting Pink of the Peppermint,  
Though kindly at heart and good,  
Had a blunt, bluff way of a-gittin' 'is say  
That we all of us understood.

When he brained a man with a pingle spike  
Or plastered a seaman flat,  
We should 'a' been blowed, but we all of us knowed  
That he didn't mean nothin' by that.

For Capting Pink was a bashful man  
And leary of talk as death,  
So he easily saw that a crack in the jaw  
Was better than wastin' 'is breath.





Sometimes he'd stroll from the ostrich hatch  
Jest a-feelin' a trifle rum,  
Then he'd hang us tars to the masts and spars  
By a heel or an ear or a thumb.

When he done like that, as he oft times did,  
We winked at each other and smole,  
And we snickered in glee and says, says we,  
"Ain't that like the dear old soul!"

I was wonderful fond of old Capting Pink,  
And Pink he was fond o' me,  
(As he frequently said when he battered me head  
Or soulsed me into the sea).

When he sewed the carpenter up in a sack,  
And fired the cook from a gun,  
We'd a-thunk that 'is rule was a little mite crool,  
If we hadn't knowed Pink as we done.





Old Captin Pink of the Peppermint,  
We all of us loved 'im so  
That we waited one night till the tide was right  
And the funnels was set for a blow.

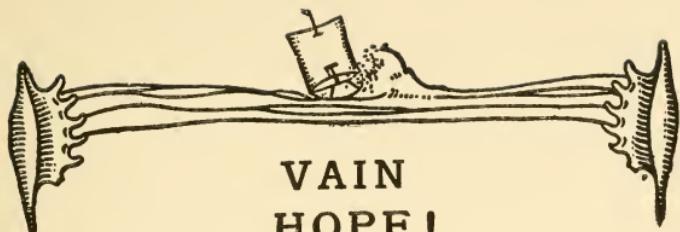
Then we hauled 'im out of 'is feather bed  
And hammered the dear old bloke;  
And he understood, (as we knowed he would)  
That we done what we did as a joke.

Then we roguishly tumbled 'im over the side,  
And quickly reversin' the screws,  
We hurried away to Mehitabel Bay  
For a jolly piratical cruise.

Old Captin Pink of the Peppermint —  
I'm shocked and I'm pained to say  
That there's few you'll find of the Captin's kind  
In this here degenerate day.







**VAIN  
HOPE!**





## VAIN HOPE !



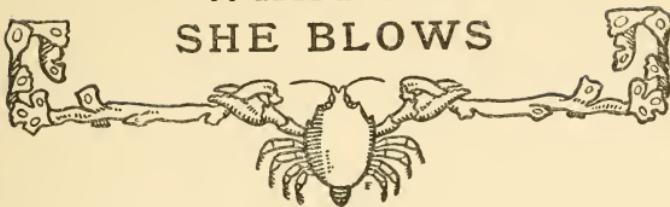
With all me travels on the seas,  
With all me pain and joy,  
    I never met  
    An infant yet  
Who knowed me as a boy.

They never speak o' years gone by  
When I was young and free.  
    This may be right,  
    But it is quite  
Discouragin' to me.





WHAT HO!  
SHE BLOWS







## WHAT HO! SHE BLOWS



Yes, I am the bloke what shovelled the coke  
On the whaler, Lally-ma-Loo;  
And the gallant soul what scuttled the coal  
Is the same that's talking to you.

We stud in the bight that starry night  
A-tacking agin the gale  
When the Capting shouts, "She spins, she spouts!  
Yo-ho and avast, the whale!"

(Of course you know that the yell, " Yo-ho!"  
Should mean, " Slack stidder and cast!"  
And you understand the simple command  
When the Capting hollers, " Avast!" )





So we on with our coats and we manned the boats  
For the point where the whale she blew,  
And we carried aboard a bundle 'o cord,  
A pearl handled knife and a screw.

“ O Capting Nye,” I says, says I,  
“ Now what are we going to do,  
In such a gale to murder a whale  
With a pearl handled knife and a screw? ”

But the Capting’s gaze was over the haze  
And never a word spoke he,  
And never a speech and never a screech,  
And never a word to me.

Till he says and he said as he p’inted ahead,  
Right straight at the monster’s fin,  
“ His actions denote that his heart’s in his throat,  
So jab him under the chin! ”





So he held the screw — I'm a-tellin' you true —  
And he handed the knife to me;  
And gripping the sheath in me wisdom teeth  
I plumped straight into the sea.

Yes, out I clumb and over I swum  
Right under the monster's fin,  
Where I opens me knife, and regardless of life,  
I jabs him under the chin.

Then the whale piped high a leviathan cry  
And he guggled in huge despair;  
Then he splattered our sail and stud on his tail  
And turned nine flips in the air.

“ My eye, my eye! ” says Capting Nye,  
“ I didn't expect that there,  
That a full sized whale would stand on his tail  
And turn nine flips in the air.”



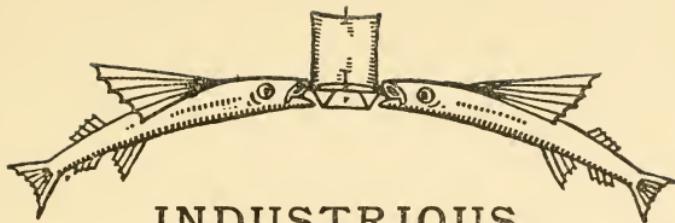


And he says, says he, "It appears to me,  
That the animal must be vexed.  
We'd better be going — there isn't no knowing  
What he will be doing next."

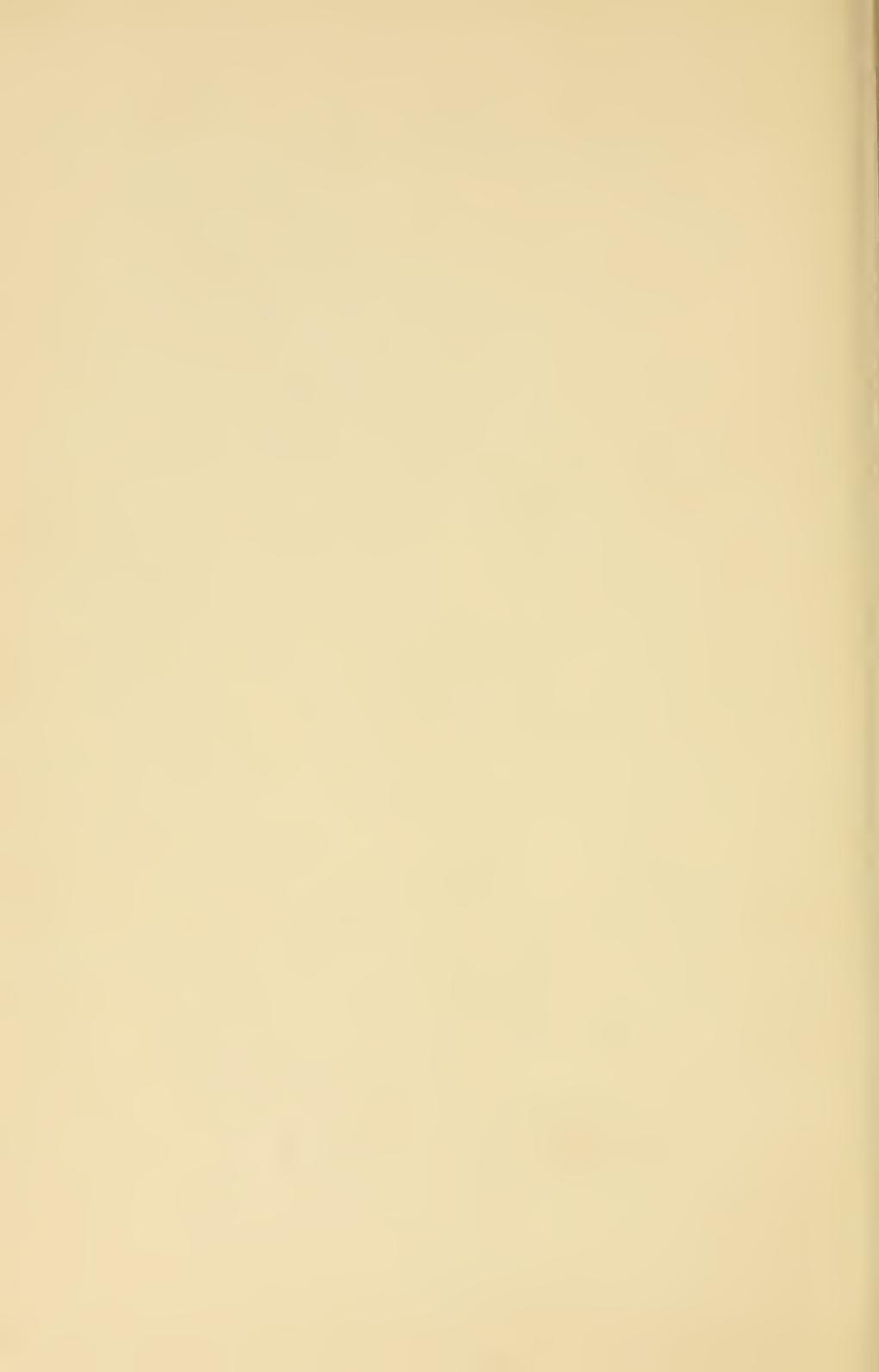
So we switched our tack and we hurried back  
To the jolly old Lally-ma-Loo,  
Me holding the cord which we had aboard  
And the Capting holding the screw.

And he says to me, "If a way there be  
To murder a whale in a storm  
It's to bandage his eyes and smother his cries  
With a bottle o' chloroform."





INDUSTRIOUS  
CARPENTER DAN





## INDUSTRIOUS CARPENTER DAN



An honest man what loves his trade  
Deserves me honest grip;  
And Carpenter Dan was a handy man  
To have about a ship.

The things he couldn't hammer up  
Them things he hammered down;  
He sawed the rails and spliced the sails  
And done his bizness brown.

He scroll-sawed all the masts and spars  
And varnished 'em with ile,  
Then he shingled the poop of our gallant sloop  
With a gable, Queen Anne style.





Along the basement porthole sills  
He worked for hours and hours  
A-building tiers of jardineers  
And planting 'em with flowers.

He filled the deck with rustic seats  
And many a grapevine swing —  
Yes, a handy man was Carpenter Dan,  
For he thought of everything.

Then pretty soon he got a scheme  
To ease the Capting's cares,  
So he fitted the sloop with a fine front stoop,  
With rugs and Morris chairs.

And there we sat a-drinking tea,  
The Capting and his crew,  
When we heard arise, to our great surprise,  
A nawful hulleroo.





The Capting looked across the rail  
And sort of chawed his lip —  
For Carpenter Dan was building an  
Extension to the ship!

“Avast there, Dan!” the Capting cried,  
“What have you gone to do?”  
“Don’t bother me, man,” said Carpenter Dan,  
“I’m fixing things for you.”

Then he toe-nailed on a rafter beam  
And sawed a two-by-four;  
Then he gave a yank to a six-inch plank  
And started on the floor.

So Dan he worked three solid weeks  
Till on a happy day,  
A double craft with a Queen Anne aft  
We sailed into the bay.



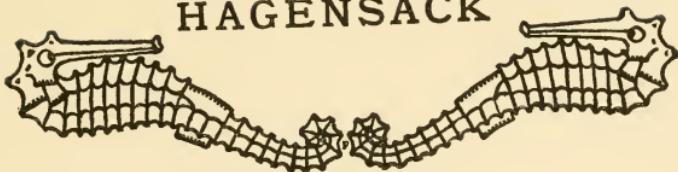


And from that bonny lean-to boat  
We vowed no more to roam;  
From window panes to weather vanes  
We loved our floating home.

And as we sat among the vines  
On many an ocean trip  
We vowed that Dan was a handy man  
To have about the ship.



THE BALLAD OF  
HAGENSACK







## THE BALLAD OF HAGENSACK



I'd been away a year, a year  
A-sailing of the main  
When I came back to Hagensack  
To see the town again.

“I oughter weep,” says I, says I—  
“I wonder why I don’t?  
I know I shan’t—perhaps I can’t,  
Perhaps again I won’t.

“But where is all the friends, the friends  
What once was blithe and free?  
I look to find that they have pined  
Away with thoughts o’ me.”



And so I sought the house, the house  
Where lived me old friend, Bill.  
"Tis sad," I said, "to think he's dead—  
To think that grief can kill!"

"Is big Bill Smith to home, to home,  
Is Smith to home?" says I.  
"Oh yes, he's here a-drinkin' beer  
And larkin' to the sky."

"A-larkin' to the sky!" says I,  
"And him, the faithless bloke,  
Was that bereft the day I left  
I thought that he would croke."

Then I thought of Mamie Jones,-mie Jones,  
What was me finansay;  
It seemed that she, in decency,  
Would have to pine away.



“Is Mamie Jones to home, to home,  
Her that was deep enthralled?”  
“Oh, no, she’s out with Mister Prout —  
I’ll tell her that you called.”

“Oh that you needn’t do,— dn’t do,  
You needn’t do that same.  
Why ain’t she cold beneath the mold? —  
O careless, careless Mame!

“One time I read about, about  
A tar named Tim McGee  
And people sighed and up and died  
The day he put to sea;

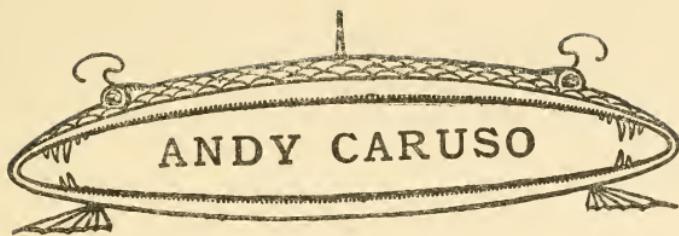
“But not in Hagensack,-ensack  
Was such a story writ,  
For I believe the more I leave  
The healthier they git.”



Then straight I went and put, and put  
A turnip on a stick  
And with a tack wrote, "HAGENSACK,  
THE FICKLEST OF THE FICK."

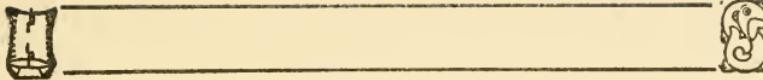
And then I took the turnip up  
And fed it to a cow.  
"I'll ne'er go back to Hagensack,"  
I says, and kept me vow.





ANDY CARUSO





## ANDY CARUSO



Did ye ever meet Andy Caruso  
The mate o' the Nannygoat G.?  
If ye hain't ye should certainly do so,  
Fer a wonderful person is he.

When his ship is far out in the ocean  
He swims in the wake o' the bark  
And whistles with glee and emotion  
And swears he'll be et by a shark.

He speaks forty langwidges, partly,  
Which ye can't understand if ye try.  
If ye tell 'im the same he'll say smartly,  
"Quite natteral — neither can I!"





He shoots off a gun and looks cheerful —  
Whenever he makes a mistake,  
And he talks in 'is sleep somethin' fearful  
Three fourths o' the time he's awake.

He has the pee-cooliar-est trousseau  
Which he wears on the Nannygoat G.;  
Yes, ye ought to meet Andy Caruso,  
Fer a wonderful person is he.





AUNT NERISSA'S  
MUFFIN





## AUNT NERISSA'S MUFFIN



It was touching when I started  
For to run away to sea.  
All the town was broken hearted,  
As I knowed that they would be.

And me Aunt Nerissa Duffin,  
Standing weeping on the spot,  
Handed me a graham muffin  
And she says, "Take care, its hot!"

" Though you've been a bit unruly  
We are awful fond of ye.  
I remain yours very truly,  
Ever thine, Nerissa D."





Then she had a bad hy-sterick  
And she fell down in a faint  
Till they raised her with a derrick —  
Light and airy? — Aunty ain't.

So I left Nerissa Duffin  
Waving of her handkerchee  
And I took her graham muffin  
As I sadly put to sea.

Says the mate, "Why don't ye eat it?"  
But me youthful head I shook;  
For I knowed — nor dare repeat it —  
Aunt Nerissa couldn't cook.

Then we sailed to De Janeiro  
Where we spent a week in Wales,  
And enjoyed ourselves in Cairo  
Tossing oysters to the whales.





Next we visited Virginia  
Loading almanacks as freight,  
Then we tarried in Sardinia  
Where we caught sardines for bait.

But when it was late September  
Something frightened of us all;  
What it was I don't remember,  
Why it was I don't recall.

But I says to Capting Casmar,  
"Be we on the land or sea?"  
But the Capting had the asthma  
And he wouldn't speak to me.

Then the pilot on the trestle  
He began to rip and snort  
And he hollered, "Back the vessel!"  
Till the ship arrived in port.

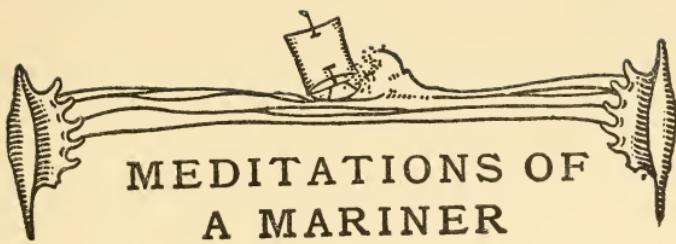




And there stood Nerissa Duffin  
Waiting for me on the spot  
And she says, "Where is me muffin?  
Wretched boy, have you fergot?"

"Do you think I could ferget it?"  
Answers I in grief and pain,  
"Saved!" she cried, "I thought you'd et it"—  
And she swooned away again.





MEDITATIONS OF  
A MARINER





## MEDITATIONS OF A MARINER



A-watchin' how the sea behaves  
For hours and hours I sit;  
And I know the sea is full o' waves —  
I've often noticed it.

For on the deck each starry night  
The wild waves and the tame  
I counts and knows 'em all by sight  
And some of 'em by name.

And then I thinks a cove like me  
Ain't got no right to roam;  
For I'm homesick when I puts to sea  
And seasick when I'm home.









